

Boston Latin



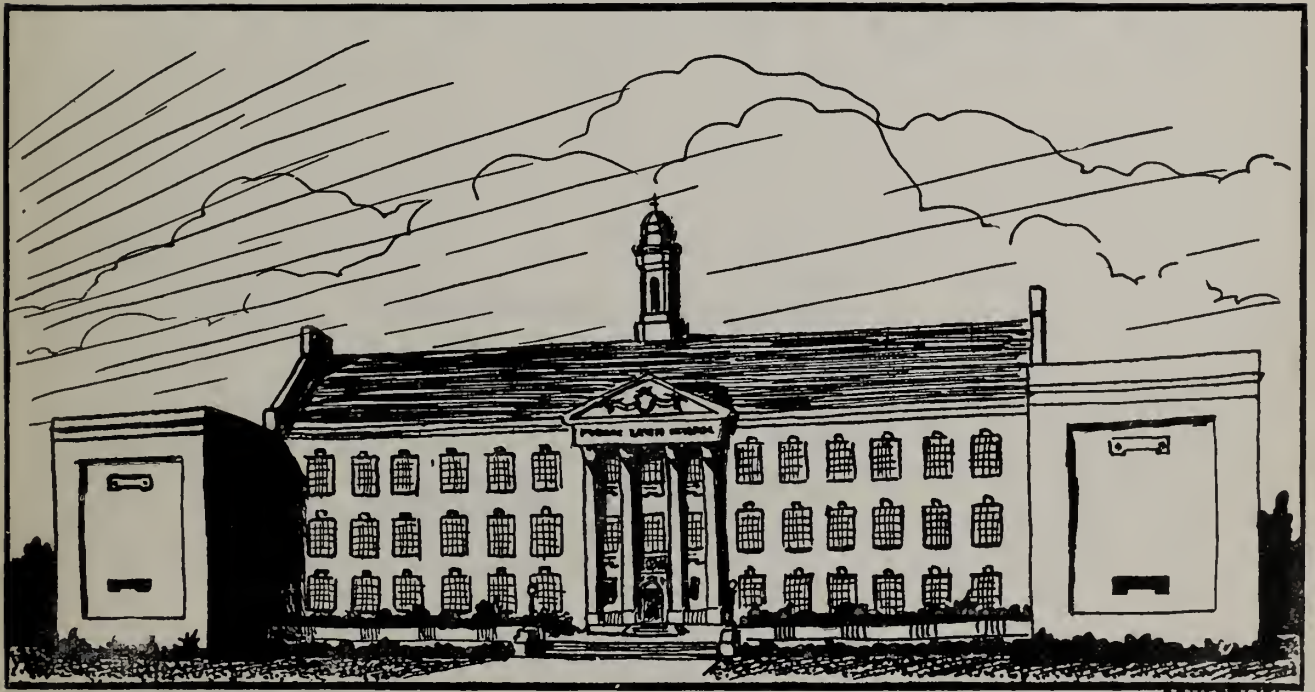
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June 1958*

Abraham



THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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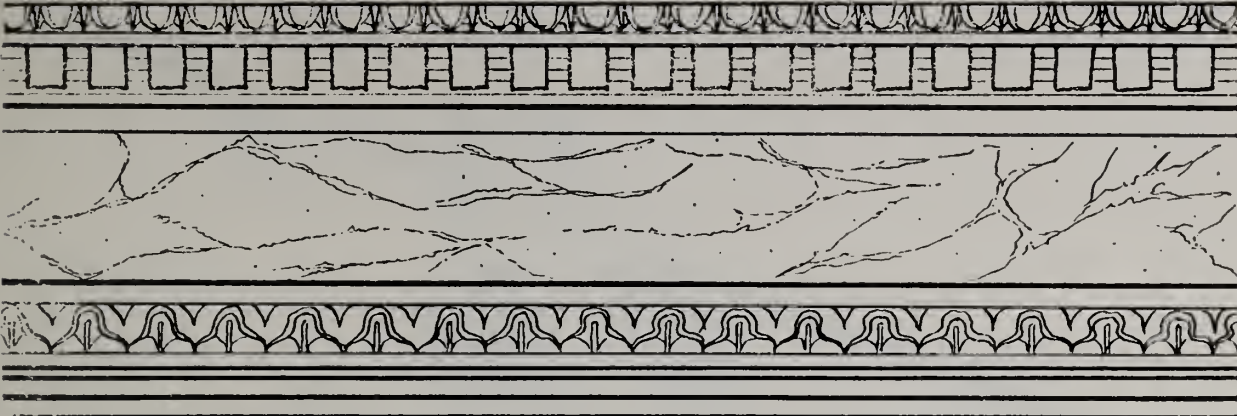
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CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

Two Dimensions	5
The Growth Of Arithmetic	7
Mr. Lewis's Dilemma	9
Here To Stay	13
Pinnacle Of Hope	15
I'm Going To Save France	16
The Perfect Plates	19

VERSE

After A Time With A Rhyme (?) By Stein	8
--	---

EDITORIALS	25
------------	----

SPORTS	21
--------	----

FEATURES

Lords And Masters	20
Reviews	27
Something Of Interest	29

R.R.R.	31
--------	----



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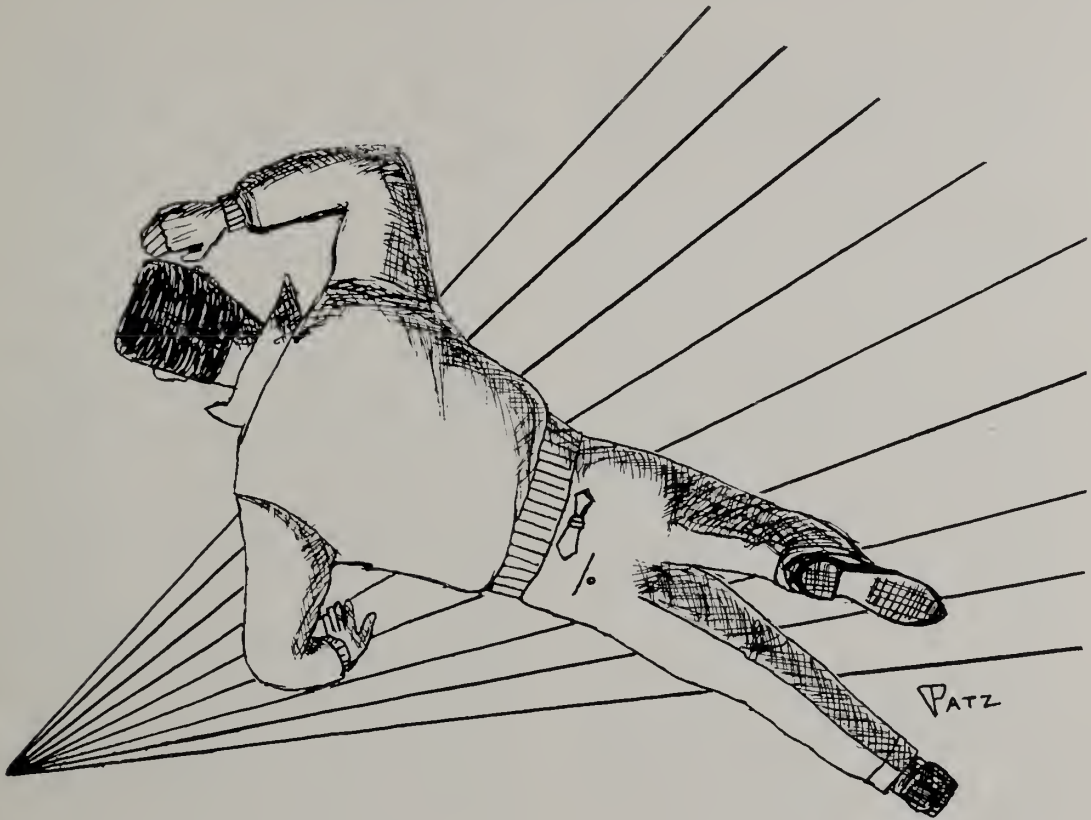
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Two Dimensions



STANLEY PATZ '59

“STOOD up for a date, so what did I do? I had to hang around 'til twelve. The lousy car had to break down, too! Where is that bus? I've been waiting almost twenty minutes!” The cold rain drove against my face and numbed my body. Not a person was in sight. I lit a cigarette under the shelter of a shop awning. It tasted bad. The crumby rain got into everything!

Finally a bus appeared but it sloshed by me as if I didn't exist. “Jerk must be asleep!” I checked my watch — 12:25. Then I killed about ten minutes reproaching myself about the wasted evening. “Cripes, I could have gone out with Bevy; she lives a block away. But no, I've got to

go out to East Oshkosh!” Another bus appeared. This time I made sure the driver saw me. The rickety old heap moaned to a stop. When the doors opened, I entered quickly, paid my fare, and made my way to the middle of the deserted bus. When I grabbed the seat handle, I received a strange shock-like sensation, like slipping sideways into blackness. . . .

The next thing I knew, I was sprawled on the seat. I sat up. “I wonder why that happened? I must be tired,” I explained to myself. I guessed that the bus hadn't started yet, because the doors were still open. An attractive girl about my age got on. As she approached my seat, I gave her a friendly smile and said, “Hi.” Then a

funny thought struck me: she looked enough like me to be my sister. Maybe she saw this resemblance, but anyway she stopped and sat next to me. Feeling compelled to start a conversation, I said, "My name's Joe."

"Joanne" she said. "You can call me 'Jo' too." Her voice was warm and quiet. I liked her right off. I asked, "How far are you going?" "Oh, I go to Hampton and then to Crawford Station."

"Hey, I'm going the same way . . . how come you're riding around at this hour?"

"My date's car broke down. He wanted to come with me, but I asked him not to."

The slight similarity of our situations made me chuckle to myself. When we came to the terminal, we got up together and changed to another bus. Again and again my original observation came back to me: she looked like me, and, in a feminine way, acted like me. We talked for a little while about a hobby we had in common. I finally got around to asking her if I could see her home. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"On West Park Ave," she told me. "Five twenty-nine."

I remember being unable to say anything for about a full minute. "Five twenty-nine? Are you kidding?"

"No, I've lived there all my life."

Of course, it couldn't be possible. Maybe a gag — something rigged up —. "What's your last name?" I said with much trouble.

"Webster. Why? What's the matter?"

This revelation threw me completely off balance. I laughed. If it was a gag, it was really original. I didn't know how to handle it. "My last name is Webster." I said foolishly. "I live in apartment 44."

"But that's . . . that's impossible! How can you . . . I mean, are you serious?" It was easy to see that she too was startled. The blood drained from her face: she looked very pale and scared. She wasn't kidding! That's when I began to get worried. This was no gag.

Slowly we compared our backgrounds, our families and activities. Hers were the same as mine: even our birth dates were

identical, to the minute. "Joe," she said in a very shaky voice, "we're the same person." Her statement made my spine tingle.

"We're two different people; how can we be the same?"

"I don't know. There's no other way to explain it."

My mind was filled with crazy ideas; then I remembered something vague about getting on the bus. I began to go over the things I had done very carefully in my mind.

"Joe, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. There's nothing we can do."

The bus pulled into Crawford Station. We changed to the West Ave. bus and sat down, both of us lost in thought. "I-I guess I'll go home with you. Maybe we can figure it out with Ma," I said.

"There has to be an explanation!" she snapped suddenly. "This just isn't sensible!"

"I'm sure there is," I answered; "but we won't find it by losing our heads." She sat pale and still.

We got off the bus at West Park Avenue and walked along to the front of the big apartment building. We stopped at the fourth door and went up two flights. When we came to Room 44, I put my key in the lock . . . it didn't work. For a second there was a doubting look in her eyes. Then she shrugged her shoulders and opened the door with her own key. We entered the apartment and took off our wet jackets.

"I belong here — don't I?" I said suddenly. It was funny and we both laughed.

"I've been asking myself that too," she said. I remember that she was still standing at the parlor door, nervously biting her finger nails, when I reached down and turned on a small lamp. Again there was the flickering shock, the electric sensation through my body.

"Joe, is that you? Turn out that light and come to bed this instant!" It was Ma, apparently wakened by the sound of my talking.

Two voices, in two dimensions, then replied in one trembling voice, "Coming, Mother."

The Growth Of Arithmetic

DAVID ZIPPIN '59

PREHISTORIC man was aware of the presence of number. He could realize when an object had been removed from, or added to, a group of the same type of articles; and, undoubtedly, the greatest achievement in mathematics is counting. However, it took centuries to realize the universal plurality of numbers. The language of a British Colombia tribe has a set of numbers for flat objects, another for round. These primitive races used what is known as the "one to one correspondence." This is the same as finding ten shelves occupied and one empty. We would know that there were more shelves than articles. In our terminology, this is the Cardinal System. The Ordinal System gives, on the other hand, a sequence of individual articles, rather than a sequence of groups.

Perhaps the next greatest advance was made when some man, looking at his ten fingers, saw the relationship to the ten trees in his grove. Here both systems were used. His entire hand was the Cardinal model; after that his fingers formed an Ordinal System.

Languages bear many traces of this type of counting. The Sanskrit "Pantcha"=5, the "Pentcha"=hand, the Russian "Piat"=5, and "Piast" equals hand.

It is very interesting to note that even to this day the peasant of Central France uses an odd method of multiplying above five. For instance, if he desires to multiply 9×8 , he bends down four fingers on his left hand ($9-5=4$) and three on his right hand. The bent-down fingers give him the tens of the result, while the product of the straight fingers gives him the units.

Another interesting example is the method known as "Duplations." This was used in the Fifteenth Century by the mathematical elite. If one wished to multiply 22×7 he would write:

$$\begin{array}{r} 22 \times 2 = 44 \\ 22 \times 4 = 44 \times 2 = 88 \\ 44 + 88 + 22 = 154 \end{array}$$

Division was accomplished by the reverse process, called "Mediation."

We have been using the decimal system regularly in all our mathematical operations. However, ten is not the only base possible. In fact, it has been spurned by many worthy mathematicians. Leibnitz advocated a binary number system (i.e. having the base 2). This system is used today in the I.B.M. computer machines, for it is capable of reaching huge totals with great speed and simplicity of operation.

Two other widely-used systems are the "quinary" (5) and the "vigesimal" (20).

The Roman Numerals are the best "quinary" examples. The "vigesimal" probably originated among the Maya Indians of Central America, who counted on both their hands and feet. Today we find few "vigesimal" numbers. But where the decimal and vigesimal have merged, we have the English "score," the French vingt (20), and quatre-vingts (4×20).

Many substitutes have been suggested for the decimal system, such as twelve, which has more divisors. But the most interesting seems to be the Prime Number (divisible only by itself and one). In a strict sense, it seems that reducing a fraction, such as $.66 = 66/100 = 33/50$ is not true mathematics, for the method of notations is not stable. With a prime-number base, such as 7 or 11, a fraction would be absolute in meaning.

The last phase in the development of the fundamentals was the "empty column." Greek philosophy would not allow the void to be considered a number. The Hindu "dust board" and the Chinese "abacus" (counting boards) were crammed with ambiguities. Upon observing a number intended to be 32, one would not know whether it was 32, 320, 3002, etc. But the Hindus did not consider nothingness, and merely devised a new word to avoid misunderstandings.

When, in the Tenth Century, the Arabs accepted this idea, they used their own word "sifr," from which we derive our cipher; and, in Italy, the Latin was "Zephirium," from which we derive our zero.

Thus we see that the tool which we use matter-of-factly was streamlined through the friction of many centuries,

After A Time With A Rhyme (?) By Stein

HUGH W. McNULTY '58

*Wonder of Wonders, it is mine
To understand a line of thine,*

M

I

S

S

Stein!

*I shall admit, you understand,
When you said, "... bang! and ggyh! and xrand,"
I did not agree with that stand,
thinking you were most pedan-
tic (for I really did not understand
at all,
but said that 'cause it sounded quite intellectu-all.)
In a lather I ran to Poe, Pope, and Johnson,
to unearth the source of your inspiration.
Jung, Camus, S I consulted I next*

a l

r i

r

*to find out the meaning of your profound text;
but nowhere, from Shakespeare to existentialist,
Did i of your epithet get the gist!
Just as I was about to give up (egad!)
i referred to that scholarly journal . . . "Mad."
In the depths of this classic did I find my solace,
the meaning which served for your ditty a base.
With the glow of accomplishment reflected I long
and hard on the import of your t*

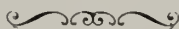
i

mele

ss song.

*At last I had found it, the riddle was solved!
i now knew the secret on which eternity revolved!
It was . . .*

Bnerjk . . . and NO AXOLOTL!



Mr. Lewis's Dilemma

JASON M. BERGER '58

TOMORROW would be Jordan Lewis's sixty-fourth birthday. To him, however, it would also be the twelfth anniversary at Mrs. Arnold's rooming house, or *pension* as she dramatically called it. That was exactly what was on his mind when he let himself into that place with the sunrise edition of the *Dispatch*, which he had just bought, in his jacket pocket. Every morning, at about 6:30, regardless of the weather, except in the big storms when Mrs. Arnold flatly refused to let him go out, Mr. Lewis would wake up, shave, put on his favorite, light tweed suit, which was rather well-worn after all these years, and take a morning stroll to the park, a half mile from the boarding house. There he always purchased the newspaper, giving the newsboy a five cent tip, and returned to the house by 7:30. This morning, with a little more than his usual gaiety, whistling softly, he walked upstairs to his room. Downstairs, he heard the footsteps of his landlady, preparing breakfast. He carefully hung up his jacket and hat, walked back downstairs with the newspaper in his hand, and sat down at the breakfast table.

"Says here in the newspaper that the Governor might have that sales tax passed after all," remarked Mr. Lewis casually.

"Means only more money from us working folk. Taxes are high enough as it is," judiciously replied Mrs. Arnold, putting the toast on the plates. Mr. Lewis only refolded the paper and read on. Then, Miss Preston, the only other boarder, a middle-aged secretary who was employed in a law firm in town with a long name of partners that Mr. Lewis could never remember, came out of her room in her shapeless dress. She smiled her old-maid smile and said, "Good morning. How's the weather out, Mr. Lewis?"

"It's warm," he replied, turning again to the newspaper. Mornings usually began in that dull way. When breakfast was



finished and Miss Preston had left for the office, Mrs. Arnold cleaned off the table.

Mr. Lewis remarked, "You know, Margaret, (she allowed him to call her Margaret only because "Mrs. Arnold" was too darn formal) tomorrow will be twelve years that I've lived here."

She stopped, sat down, and toyed with the towel. "My, it doesn't seem at all like twelve years." She knew that his birthday coincided with the anniversary, so she smiled inwardly, realizing that he had meant to say that tomorrow would be his birthday. "Just to celebrate the occasion I think I'll make one of those angel food cakes you like so much. And I'll invite Miss Preston. I'm sure she'll love it. It's such a shame she never goes out to enjoy herself. Just her work in the office and her books in the evenings."

While she talked, Mr. Lewis looked at her intently. Though he had seen her face countless times before, suddenly now, in the way she talked or even in the way she looked at him, he seemed to find a strange charm. Margaret was four years younger than he and a great deal smarter; for, when her husband had died many years before, she had had the good sense to invest in the boarding house as well as in several shares of stock from which she drew her income. She was also, so to speak, his guardian, for she cooked his meals, sent

out his laundry, tidied his room, and watched out for his health. In return for all this, Mr. Lewis paid thirteen dollars and fifty cents a week. And for the last twelve years he had lived here, with her and Miss Preston. Jordan believed that he knew a great deal about Mrs. Arnold, because she always seemed to speak freely, though with a polite restraint. In fact, sometimes they sat and talked into the late evening. But at ten o'clock, Mrs. Arnold stopped and sent him to bed. Only the light in Miss Preston's room stayed on past ten, because she was in the habit of reading herself to sleep.

"Tomorrow will be your birthday, too, won't it?"

Mr. Lewis was pleased that she remembered. He nodded and added, "I've been looking forward to a party all month. I wanted to invite Harry, you know, the one who works in the library with me. Maybe he and Miss Preston will hit it off together? You never know. This is funny for me, because I've always hated match-making. I'll bet you can't guess why I want to marry Miss Preston off?"

"No. Why?"

He laughed. "Because I can't stand the way she dresses."

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Arnold, but she laughed and then went to the sink to wash the dishes. Soon, however, she looked up at the clock and snapped, "Eight-thirty! Off to work, Mr. Lewis. You're not a retired man yet."

"But I will be next year," he mumbled and got up. Sighing inwardly, he left the table. A minute later he left the house. Once on the way to work, he began to think: "Here I am. Sixty-four years old tomorrow. A bachelor. Working for the city. Making a good salary, but having no one to share it with." He took a seat on the bus and thought on: "I'm becoming an old man now. In one more year, I retire. And what then? How will I spend my time? With whom will I live? I can still keep working, but there's no pleasure in the office." These thoughts kept coming into his mind all day. When he boarded the bus home at 3:30, he thought about it again. Suddenly it occurred to him this problem had been on his mind for quite a while. To a man as active as he, retirement on a pension was a prelude to entombment, a dead-end; for there was actually nothing



for a retired city worker to do but thumb the six daily editions of the *Dispatch* or join some Golden Age Club. That certainly didn't appeal to him.

April seventh arrived. When Mr. Lewis came home from work, he found the kitchen table set for four. Harry was to arrive at five. That left an hour to get dressed. With a broad smile and lively step, he passed Miss Preston, who was dressed in a new shapeless dress he had never seen before, and continued on upstairs. Mrs. Arnold had just finished inserting the sixty-fourth candle. In the center of the cake, she placed a large red candle. Then, she wiped the frosting from her hands onto the yellow apron around her waist, stepped back, and viewed her *chef-d'oeuvre* with a great deal of pride. It was four o'clock. She sat down to relax. As she looked at the cake, it suddenly occurred to her that she was growing old. In a few months, six decades of her life would have been completed. She thought of her peaceful life, her boarders and her house. She thought of Miss Preston so excited at hearing that a gentleman would be at the party. Then she thought of Mr. Lewis. For some time now he had been reminding her of her former husband. His liveliness, good humor, his charm, his way of speaking. She felt almost a tenderness toward him, though for twelve years their relationship had been a formal one. Suddenly Mrs. Arnold reminded herself about the ice cream. She telephoned the drug store to send it over right away.

At nine o'clock the party ended. Harry and Miss Preston had found each other "intellectually interesting" or something, while Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Lewis had spent most of the evening talking over

past times and acquaintances. At 9:30, Harry left, promising to call during the week; and a half-hour later everyone retired. Mr. Lewis fell asleep a very happy man. Miss Preston dreamed about Harry and the law office. And Mrs. Arnold thought mostly about herself. She wondered what the future held in store for a widowed landlady, besides the *pension*. To her, the party had taken on a great significance. While she and Mr. Lewis had been chatting, she realized that life held little for an elderly lady, beyond the monotony of mending and dusting. Vague recollections of the old Thursday bridge club, now long gone, flickered weakly and then disappeared. She fell asleep and dreamt back twenty years to her deceased spouse. She saw him plainly.

Several weeks passed.

It was toward the end of May. The early morning sky was a little more than grey, and just above the horizon rose a border of dark, formless clouds. All was still outside when Mr. Lewis awoke. The humidity was high, and so he dressed for warm weather with a light, white sport shirt and brown slacks. He started on his usual walk down to the park. As he went along the street, past stores and triple-decker houses, he felt a light breeze come up. The magnolia trees rustled and swayed. By the time he reached the park, the breeze had turned into a wind, and black storm clouds were moving in overhead, darkening the park. Little Jerry, the newsboy, was hustling to sell his papers to the nervous morning traffic before the rain. Mr. Lewis bought the sunrise edition of the *Dispatch*, handed Jerry the dime, and was answered by the usual "Thank you, Mr. Lewis." For a moment he paused to scan the front page. A drop of rain spotted the paper. Then another drop, and another, and another. He walked briskly back toward the house, but the rain had no patience and poured down violently as a strong headwind lashed it on. He ran and puffed, for he was short winded. Ten minutes later, he reached the house and ran into the hallway. His hair was dripping. He dried himself with a towel, changed clothes, and managed to be down for breakfast at 8:00. Mrs. Arnold was waiting for him. Through his frame he felt a cold shudder. Outside the rain had stopped; but a brisk wind blew along the streets, and the sky was still cloudy.

"You must have been drenched," she remarked setting the table.

"Boy did it rain! It happened so suddenly that I didn't even know what was happening." He looked outside. "Looks like it's stopped, for a while."

"Yes, but you better put on your rubbers and take your umbrella. Don't forget."

He didn't.

He went to work. But all day he sniffled, and his nose ran. By the time he got home, he had a full-sized cold on his hands. The damp climate wasn't doing his lungs any good either. When he came into the living-room, he found the dried paper on the small table. He picked it up and began reading. Today was Miss Preston's day off, but it seemed strange to him that he didn't see her sitting around or listening to the radio. He sneezed loudly.

"Now you're elected," said Mrs. Arnold, entering the livingroom.

"Oh, it's nothing," he grumbled. "It'll pass over the weekend."

"Well, I think you ought to be in —." She never finished that sentence, for just then the front door flew wide open, and Miss Preston ran in. With a cry, she dashed up to Mrs. Arnold and clasped her hand.

"Bernice —!" said Mrs. Arnold.

"Harry asked me to marry him! Just five minutes ago as we drove up. Isn't it wonderful?"

Mr. Lewis hummed, "Here comes the bride". Miss Preston, bubbling with excitement, ran over to him, too, and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"Congratulations," he said emphatically, as he got up from his chair. "Lucky Harry," he chuckled sarcastically to himself.

"The wedding is next month. I'll be a June bride!" She danced around the room in her ridiculous dress. "You're all invited! I've got to rush now. A hundred things to do! Excuse me." And, singing, she pranced off to her room.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Mrs. Arnold repeated over and over, turning to Mr. Lewis.

He only sneezed.

"That settles it," she commanded sternly. "Up to bed now!"

"But, Margaret, I'm all right." He looked at her. She stood there sternly, her arms folded menacingly. He relented. "OK, OK, I'm going, I'm going," and he mounted the staircase to his room, where he undressed and got into bed. He put on the radio. Some ballroom music played for a little while. Then he felt cold all over. He kept sneezing and coughing in bed. Soon Mrs. Arnold knocked and came into his room. She had some juice and a hot water bottle.

"Margaret, this is silly. I feel —" Just then he sneezed again. She frowned; and he made a face when he drank the juice with the cough medicine in it. Actually, he felt very weak. Soon, after she left the room, it grew dark. He wheezed and coughed, and through his shivering frame he felt spasms of ice. His limbs became heavy, his eyelids closed, and he fell into a deep sleep, coughing unconsciously.

Meanwhile Mrs. Arnold was calling the doctor. When Miss Preston heard her, she came out of her room. They both waited in the livingroom for the doctor.

When the doctor had finished examining Jordan Lewis, he descended the stairs with a customary solemn and disgusted expression and said, "Looks like the grippe. Could be dangerous for a man his age. He needs a great deal of rest and attention. Here's his prescription, twice daily. Keep the hot water bottle under his back. Call me tomorrow morning if he gets worse."

Mrs. Arnold saw the doctor to the door and felt weak herself. She was frightened. That was because she remembered how her own husband had died of pneumonia. Painfully, she recalled his last few ailing days, and she feared the worst for Mr. Lewis. She shuddered. Miss Preston forgot her exuberance and looked on dumbly.

For the rest of that week and several days into the next, Mr. Lewis remained very ill. Mrs. Arnold, however, took complete charge of his treatment. She changed the hot water bottles, gave him his medicine, and sat by his bedside late into the night. Bernice helped out whenever she was home. But Mr. Lewis grew worse and began to shout deliriously in his sleep, something about: "Golden Age clubs, retiring, futility, dying." Harry visited twice, but the patient's condition was still bad; then no visitors were permitted.

On the eighth day, the sickness took a turn for the better. The color slowly re-

turned to Mr. Lewis's cheeks, and sometimes he was even well enough to talk with Mrs. Arnold and Miss Preston. At the end of two weeks, the doctor came for a fifth visit and pronounced Mr. Lewis well, to the joy of all parties concerned. He insisted, however, that Mr. Lewis rest for at least another week. As soon as the patient was well enough to walk around, Harry paid him a visit.

Mr. Lewis was sitting in his easy chair in the parlor, bundled warmly, when Harry walked in.

"How're you feeling Jordan?"

"Well — a little better, I suppose," he mumbled. Then, putting on a weak smile, he motioned for Harry to sit down next to him. He looked worried.

"Maybe it would have been better if I didn't get well, he said.

"What kind of a remark is that?" said Harry. He looked intently at Jordan.

"Harry, I've come to the point where there's absolutely nothing to live for."

"Then find something — or someone," said Harry.

"At my age?" Jordan knew the mistake as soon as he saw the smile on his friend's face. "I'm sorry, Harry, I didn't mean to suggest —."

"That's all right," said Harry. "After what you've done for me, I can forgive you anything." Then Harry looked long and hard at Jordan. "I guess the best thing I could do for you would be to repay the favor with advice."

That evening, Bernice and Harry left to attend a lecture. Then, as usual, Mrs. Arnold came into the parlor and sat down to do some knitting. Jordan buried his head in the paper, pretending not to notice her. Occasionally he stole a glance at Mrs. Arnold. Then, strangely, in his mind, Jordan saw through the smoke of the Golden Age Club's meeting room several dozen wizened, corpulent old men slowly talking over nothing between themselves, and impatiently watching the clock tick by. Some sat over checkers; others crouched dryly behind cards. Checkers and cards.

"Margaret," he began, but the words tightened in his throat. For over a minute Mrs. Arnold watched him struggle. Then a quiet smile touched the corners of her mouth. "Margaret," he began again — finally.

Here To Stay

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

ROCK 'n' Roll is really and truly *real music*. It is a primitive, basic, down-to-earth, honest, vibrant release for youth, a true outlet for inner emotions and a great deal more. With its deep meaning and wise philosophy, Rock 'n' Roll both consoles and encourages the teen-ager. It is truly a significant manifestation of the many conflicts the youngster meets in this world of egos, ids, and superegos. Despite the ominous predictions of critics, Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay. In fact, one song has put it just that way:

"Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay;
Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay;
Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay;
Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay."

Many articles tell us why we have Rock 'n' Roll or why we shouldn't have it, but few tell us anything about it. The typical Rock 'n' Roll song eludes classification; but the one that follows catches the general flavor. It has the fast tempo, the saxophone, the call and response between singer and choral group, the heavily-accented off-beat, the twelve-bar chorus. All these make up —

THE ROCKIN', TALKIN' WALK

by Aaron "Swingo" Sims

Verse:

Singer:

I'm gonna rock.
I'm gonna rock.
I'm gonna rock, rock, rock, rock, rock. Bam!

Wailing Sax:

Da, da, da, *da*.
Da, da, da, *da*.

(Repeat)

Chorus:

Singer:

I'm gonna do alot a rockin':
The Rockin', Talkin', Walk. Yah!

I'm gonna do alot a rockin':
The really Rockin', Talkin' Walk. Yah!

Drum, a swinger:

Bang!

Bang!

An' if you try an' stop me,
Ah'll really do that

ROCK! TALK! ROCK-TALK-WALK!

Bim! Bam! Bim-Bam-Bum!

Rock 'n' Roll is not all drums and saxophone, though. There are ballads: pretty, sensitive, lyrical ballads which treat of the deep problems of our youth. For example, take this bit of poignant, apt, teen-aged Americana. (To fit the simple lyrics, there is a simple instrumentation: rhythm section, sweet-voiced tenor, quartet of voices.

Here we find in just one verse the many drives which impell youth: hate of subordination — "kid"; loneliness — "don't love me"; and soul-searching honesty — "know the truth.") What follows, is the song as written and recorded by Willis Wayde and his Arkansas Chodhoppers:

LOVE LETTERS

Voice:

You treat me just like you don't love me.
 You treat me just like I was a kid.
 But I know the truth:
 You're so uncouth,
 That you don't write me love letters
 anymore.

Quartet:

Hmm.
 Hmmm.
 Umm, umm, umm.
 Hmm.

Hmm, hmmm, hmmm.

One final thing about R and R, as the experts call it, is that it is always up-to-date. Each new problem, each new issue, each new fad brings its own appropriate song. There is no other way for the teenager to express himself. In no other way can he sing out his joy, his sorrow, his

bewilderment. And is not society itself responsible for the repression the teen-ager feels, for the claustrophobic walls surrounding him? But let us hear the youngster himself. Here he is faced with still another problem. Will he find satisfaction if he goes —

IVY LEAGUE

by Sam and the Thin Stripes

Chorus:

I'm goin' Ahvy League.
 I'm goin' Ahvy, Ahvy, League.
 (Repeat Twice)

Verse:

Button on mah shoes,
 Belt in the back.
 Ready foh action,
 Rock, rock, rock.

Chorus:

Button on mah button,
 An' what do you think?
 Ah'll have mah buttons,
 If they throws me in the clink.

Chorus:

Belt in the front,
 It came free.
 Here comes mah gal,
 She's got a belt for me.



Pinnacle Of Hope

MARTIN H. SAVITZ, '59

DAWN. Once again came the light of Heaven, its rays barely edging the dismal land. A greyish tint crept slowly into the semi-darkness.

Adam's eyes reluctantly opened, only to discover the brimstone pits and the living death to which he had been condemned. How long he had been there, he could not tell; but somehow he knew he faced still another eternity, tormented by his sins and tortured by the flames.

Often he had tried to escape, to run; but how was he to run with the burden of his sins chained to his legs? Then, *where* was he to run? Everywhere were the fires, lighting up the forsaken land and casting their horrible shadows; everywhere was the brimstone, releasing its choking, sulphureous fumes.

In the distance was the mountain. The pinnacle shone with a brilliant radiance from beyond, lighting up the entire peak. The mountain alone, rising high above the dense smoke, broke the flat expanse of parched, cracked ground.

Rarely did Adam look away from the mountain. "It must be the way out, it must be," he repeated to himself. Often the inexorable screams of agony echoed so loudly in his ears that he had to repeat the words again and again just to retain his sanity.

But now his very being existed for only one purpose—escape. He seized the grey chains that lay coiled against a ball of steel. Slowly he began inching his way toward the mountain. The flames burned deep into his flesh; the sulphureous fumes filled his lungs with choking smoke; but these he bore, saying over and over, "It must be the way out, it must be." The shrill wind swept over the endless wasteland, taunting him.

After days of wearisome pulling and straining, sometimes crawling, he was at

last under the shining peak. Here it was cooler, and a lighter feeling came into his being. He began to climb.

Now, for some reason, the days went by more easily. He found new strength. Though the jagged rocks lacerated his flesh and the bitter cold cut into his very bones, he forged on, conquering slope after slope; and always there was the pinnacle, showering the darkness with its glow and lighting up his way.

Soon there was a delicate sound of trickling water. He was near the springs of the River Lethe. One drink would soothe his parched lips and cool his burning soul. But Adam tightened his jaws against the almost overpowering thirst and moved on. His numb fingers grasped the next ledge. Every muscle strained as he slowly dragged the steel ball beyond to the last edge of lifeless rock. His entire body convulsed with every labored breath. Then he rested a moment. His whole body throbbed. The price had been great, but now he would have his reward.

Adam raised his head to the pinnacle, took one last look behind him at the Valley of the Shadow, then turned toward the valley below — the valley of hope, the valley of salvation. His eyes remained fixed. "No! It can't be! It can't be!" The words echoed and re-echoed through his frenzied mind, as he slumped back onto the ledge.

Still the only things visible were the fire and brimstone, lighting up the other side of the forsaken land and casting their horrible shadows; and then there it was, the lonely, struggling figure, another heap of tortured, emaciated flesh, dragging his ball and chain up the other side of the mountain.

He thought, "Go to him, help him, console him, for he has yet to look over the pinnacle and realize that there is . . . no escape . . . no salvation . . . no hope."

I'm Going To Save France

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

MANY times, Andre Le Maitre had made the short walk from the Palais Bourbon to his apartment only six convenient blocks away. Many times also, he had sat down at his neatly-arranged desk to count premiers, a favorite game of his. But, today, how strangely unfamiliar was the walk and the game. Today his own government had fallen, and he would add himself to the list.

Never with such inner feeling had he read off their names:

"Blum, Bidault, . . . Mendes-France, Mollet, . . . Gaillard . . . *Le Maitre!*"

Then, with sudden detachment, he made the final reckoning:

"Twenty-eight premiers; a few twice; one three times. In all, thirty-five governments have failed."

Once the changes had come every few months; now only weeks were separating them. And the failures — for such a variety of reasons! The chairman of Le Maitre's party had preceded him with a "get-tough" colonial policy; and then Le Maitre, with his "hands-off" policy. Both had been defeated by a large majority. How paradoxically French.

It looked as if this would be the last time he would have his game. Almost every combination of parties had been made: Clericists and Anti-Clericists; Center-Left and Center Right; Mid-Center and Moderate-Right; Moderate-Left and. . .

"What's the use?" the doorman had said just that morning. "There are only two courses for Cote to take. He can try for a combination of Communists and Poujadists, but they only cooperate to defeat coalitions. So that's out. The only possibility is . . ."

"Gautier," interrupted Le Maitre. "You know, I've never even met Gautier."

Now that he thought it over at his apartment, it did not seem so strange that he had never met the General. The big



Abraham

silent man keeps out of trouble, and doesn't offend anyone. He could get himself unanimously elected president of China without knowing a word of Chinese. But Le Maitre never even . . .

"For all I know he could be dead."

"That's the way to be," said Le Maitre's cousin, a representative from Marseilles, who was lying down, eating an apple.

Of course, Gautier was not dead; Le Maitre knew that. In fact, when he left Parliament, a great crowd had already gathered to wait for the general to ride up on a white horse and restore France to former . . .

"He'll kill the Republic," said Le Maitre.

"Kill the Republic, save France; save the Republic, kill France," answered his cousin. "Is there a choice?"

Once Andre Le Maitre would have denied that. But now . . . perhaps cynicism

was creeping up on him with old age; but he was only forty. After only a few years in the Parliament, he had come to know that there is more to democracy than voting, and that a just but relentless fear of tyranny was, that very moment, working to produce tyranny.

"Gautier has an easy path ahead. That's for sure," remarked Le Maitre's cousin off-hand.

"You forget Mauriac."

Mauriac . . . Jean Louis Mauriac, born September, 1911, backgrounded in the civil service, wounded in Spanish Civil War, wherein he fought for both sides, Premier twice, an enemy of Gautier. Mauriac would, in fact, oppose Gautier to the end. But Gautier, under the silent mask, was as clever a politician as he was a soldier; and Mauriac knew he would not be able to beat him. However, with just a little more support, Mauriac could destroy Gautier, even if at Mauriac's own expense. And at the expense of France, no doubt. But Mauriac did not care.

Le Maitre had known him before the war. After Mauriac had lost an eye in Spain, he went to England as a reporter. According to his own version, he was "stranded" there during the war. When it was over, he rushed back to Paris to organize the newly-freed French. It became profitable, so he decided to go into politics permanently. At first he did not support the Fourth Republic. No one knows just what happened between him and Gautier.

"It was more than just *policy*," explained Le Maitre hunting through his desk.

"I suppose so. Say what are you doing with that?"

Le Maitre looked up puzzled, because he did not know.

"The pistol? . . . I'm going to save France," he laughed. And then he left.

His cousin looked after him, shook his head, and began to peel a banana.

As he trudged along the streets, he could not help thinking about his career in politics, about his promises and accomplishments. And though no modest man, he was not at all impressed with his seven years in the Council of Ministers. More important and irritating to him, however, was the fact that in his five weeks as the last Premier of the Fourth Republic, he had merely marked time for

Gautier. How unfortunate it was that Andre Le Maitre, leader of the People's Revolt, could not unite France, while General Charles Gautier, who had once led Free France from London, could. Yet it was not so strange that Le Maitre, with his concern for the people, the masses, had failed, whereas the general, with his concern for France, would succeed. Ironically, the masses were also concerned more with France than with the masses.

Maitre pushed his way through the huge crowd that had surrounded Parliament. The police had long ago given up trying to control them, and most of the gendarmes were cheering and yelling with all the rest. Children just out from school were climbing lamp-posts to get a better look at Gautier when he would come. One shrewd peddler was attempting to sell periscopes, but no one bothered to pay him. Reporters were running around, trying to get as much information as possible before evening deadline. But all this was minor before the immense mob of frantic Frenchmen. Never had they revealed such cooperation and efficiency. In unison their voices rose and fell. There was even a kind of precision in the sound. The afternoon stumbled on. Now was a time of hectic activity; and now of slow, deathlike waiting and wondering. Rumor upon rumor set off chain reaction upon chain reaction; and the moods of the crowd shifted like an unseasonal breeze. It all reminded Le Maitre of the collective brain which runs an ant colony.

When it got dark and the lighting went on, Le Maitre recognized the old blind man who came to the square every night for a quiet walk.

"How would you describe this?" he asked the beggar. "They say blind men see with their ears."

"Le Maitre?"

"Yes."

"I knew it, really. How would I describe it? You don't need ears to describe this, or eyes. You can feel it. You can smell it. . . . You weren't here when they kicked out the Nazis. . . ."

"No."

"It was the same then. That same smell. I appreciated the good, clean air the next day. But the good comes with bad."

"How do you mean?"

"I wasn't blind when the Nazis were here."

"I still don't . . ."

"You can guess. They called me Hitler's Pawn." The beggar took off his glasses to show the scars to Le Maitre who had been through this before.

"From Frenchmen," the blindman added.

Le Maitre laughed. Two weeks ago it was a native in Africa; last week, a jealous girl. A new story every week.

"You laugh. But I'm not joking. It was your Mauriac. When they caught me, . . . well, you know Mauriac's eye. It was his idea."

Mauriac? Le Maitre had almost forgotten him. He calculated the risks of joining his half-insane friend. If they did not destroy Gautier, death would be their reward; if they succeeded, it would not be much better. They would probably have to destroy themselves to do it. He began thinking about what Gautier might do, once in power: Gautier would unite them all right. They wouldn't know what hit them, but they would still be happy. Happy Frenchmen on a string. Papa Gautier knows what is best. . . . Still, you cannot do much more than make them happy.

Now he thought over the consequences of Mauriac's plans: "Chaos" — that's the word for it. Maybe if Gautier would not demand so much, they could work it out.

"Andre!" cried Mauriac.

"Oh! I was just going up to your place."

"Good, good. Come with me. I know a shorter way."

Mauriac flung out his arms and pushed everyone aside, while Le Maitre edged slowly through the crowd. Then they were in the apartment.

". . . So what do you think of that?" asked Mauriac eagerly.

"What? Oh, sorry, I wasn't listening," apologized Le Maitre who had been thinking of Papa Gautier's happy Frenchmen.

For a while they sat looking at each other silently.

"You know that old blind man who hangs around the square?" Le Maitre asked.

"The Pawn? Sure, I know him. We took care of him after the war. He was a traitor. You know what we did to him?"

"Yes, he told me but I didn't. . . ." Le Maitre stopped for fear he would embarrass Mauriac. But he knew now that this would not embarrass Mauriac. He stared into Mauriac's scar-bitten face. He saw the lines there and understood their meaning.

"You must be tired, Andre. Too bad about this morning. Cigarette? Drink?"

"You're so clever, Jean. You've got me by the leash. Must you make it worse by humoring me? 'You must be tired. Andre,' " mimicked Le Maitre.

Mauriac smiled.

"No, really, Jean. We'll ruin Gautier, or not. That's all. Why make a crusade out of it? I'm caught in the middle. You . . ."

"Vive La France!" joked Mauriac, clicking his heels and executing a hand-salute. Then he broke out with a mighty burst of laughter.

Le Maitre turned away. He put his hand in his pocket and felt the pistol. Then he said:

"What are we going to do about Gautier?"

"General Charles Andre Joseph Marie Gautier, if you please!"

"Please. I can take so much."

Mauriac eyed Le Maitre for a moment and said:

"All right. You know I'll never stop until I've destroyed him. . . ."

"Now wait. Don't be so sure. If we can compromise, it might be for the best of France."

"Don't give me that. What has *France* to do with it?" said Mauriac.

After a few minutes of silence, Le Maitre took out his pistol and looked at it. He remembered when he had bought it, in 1934. It was Jean Mauriac's idea, but Andre Le Maitre had the money.

"I remember that gun," said Mauriac. "Put it away. We won't go that far. There are other ways."

Le Maitre said nothing. In his mind there was no longer any doubt.

When they found Mauriac dead in his room, Andre Le Maitre was one among the thousands — waiting, watching, wondering. And when General Charles Gautier rode on his white horse into the square in front of the Palais Bourbon, Andre Le Maitre lost himself in the mad, happy roar which followed.

The Perfect Plates

HARRY MOVITZ '59

MAYBE he's crazy, thought Mike, looking at the old man who was leading him up the dirty tenement stairs.

Then the old man was saying, "Vun more flight, and den you vill see. Die plates are dere, like I have said."

Mike thought back to earlier in the evening when he had met the old man at Nick's Bar and had bought him a drink. As the evening grew late and the old man began to wobble, a fantastic story came out in almost unintelligible spurts.

The old man claimed to have been a soldier in the German army during the war, assigned as a chauffeur to officers of the German Intelligence Service. One night, towards the end of the war, while driving four officers from Berlin to Potsdam, he had lost control of the car in the middle of a small bridge over the Havel River. The car smashed through the railing and landed in shallow water about ten feet from shore. The impact knocked him unconscious. When he awoke, he found three of the officers dead, and the fourth dying. He carried the officer to the river-bank, noticing for the first time that the brief-case which the officer carried was chained to his body. Before he died, the officer told him that the brief-case contained a nearly perfect set of plates of the American dollar, plates which were to be used to destroy the American economy. The officer instructed him to deliver them to a certain high official in Potsdam. Realizing, however, that the Allied victory was only a matter of time, the chauffeur fled with the plates to Frankfort. A few weeks later, the war ended and also the intensive search for him by Intelligence. For a few years after the war, he remained in Germany; then he smuggled himself and the plates into France. After France, there were many more countries, each a stepping-stone to his ultimate goal, America.

"Here ve are," said the old man opening the door. "Now, you vill see."

Mike followed the old man inside. The German went to a closet and took out an old, dirty brief-case.

The old man took a key from his pocket.

"Hurry up, open it," said Mike.

The old man opened the brief-case and took out two plates.

"Vun for vun side, und die oder fur die oder," he explained with a smile.

As Mike took the plates from the man's wrinkled hands, all his doubts vanished. Never had he seen such precision. The plates were authentic.

He grasped the old man by the shoulders.

"If this stuff is as right as I think," he said, "we got it made."

"No, too late," said the old man, shaking his head, "too late."

"Too late for an old guy like you, not me," laughed Mike.

"No, it's too late," continued the old man, "Dey have changed everything."

"What are you talking about?"

"Dey use silver now, not gold," said the old man. "Dey recalled der gold vuns."

"You're crazy," said Mike still smiling, "If you're talking about the gold standard, that was recalled before the war, not after it."

"No, after der vor," persisted the old man, "in nineteen hundert tirty someding."

"But that was bef — Wait a minute," said Mike, "What war were you in?"

"Der first," calmly answered the old man. "Dese plates print gold notes." —

Mike didn't say a word. He left the apartment and slowly went down the stairs to the street.

Lords and Masters



"College Boards today . . . are glorified intelligence tests. . . ."

MR. DOBBYN, who teaches math in Room 332, was born in Charlestown in 1892 and now lives in Roslindale. He is married and has one son, John, B.L.S. '55, a junior at Harvard. Mr. Dobbyn graduated from Latin School fifty years ago in 1908. In 1912, he received his A.B. from Harvard.

Mr. Dobbyn first wanted to be an engineer. For many years he worked as a draftsman for various concerns. After working for the government during the First World War, he joined the Lamson Company as an estimator. Because these jobs took him away from home, he decided to "start all over again" in 1925. He went back to Harvard to get his Ed.M.; and, in 1927, after a year at English High, he began teaching at Latin School. He has been here ever since.

"Basket-weaving," Mr. Dobbyn said, when asked about "progressive" education, "is for those with IQ's below eighty. At Latin School we have no place for such studies."

Mr. Dobbyn sees big changes coming in both the teaching methods and subject matter of math. "We may have to discard much that we have been teaching all along and reorganize the curriculum. For example, logs may soon be taught in grade eight."

His advice is: "Plan your work ahead."

MR. O'CALAHAN, homeroom 124, has taught Latin and Greek at the Latin School for thirty years. Born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, he graduated in 1921 from St. John's Preparatory School in Danvers, Massachusetts. He received his A.B. and A.M. at Boston College and did post-graduate work at Harvard, Boston Teacher's College, Boston University, Columbia, and the University of California. He also taught two years at B.C. High and one year at Boston College before coming to the Latin School. Widely known and respected for his knowledge of classical languages, Mr. O'Calahan was recently asked to revise "Bennet's Latin Series."

Mr. O'Calahan has devoted the major portion of his life to the study of semantics. "I have studied many languages (including English): Latin, Greek, French, German, Sanskrit, Gothic, Russian, and others. (Just forget them: they've been forgotten.)" In his opinion, the humanities will always have a place in society: "There is no conflict between the humanities and sciences, though the humanities are more embracing. But, if we ever become lost in the realms of science, we are finished. The proper study of man has always been the humanities."

Mr. O'Calahan's advice to students of the Latin School takes the form of a motto that "will amuse or amaze you, as the case may be": "Success at the Latin School, or in later life, is 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration. The only ones being inspired are poets and unemployed Hollywood geniuses."



"Take the book home. Don't be inspired."



Baseball

Latin Drops Opener

April 14, 1958

It was warm and sunny. A slight breeze blew from home plate down the third base line. Confidently, our stalwarts took the field against Dorchester, the defending Conference champs. Everything was perfect, excepting the final score, which was Latin 2 - Dorchester 6.

Latinites struck for scores in the third and fifth innings, but the hits were not strong enough to offset Dorchester's six runs, all of which were scored in the calamitous second inning. Latin's first run, tallied in the third, was the combinational result of an error by the Dorchester third-baseman plus a perfect slide into home-plate by Fred Karp, who had the distinction of scoring Latin's first run of the campaign. In the fifth, "Art" Tacelli banged in Latin's only other tally with a double to deep center field, scoring Cammarata.

Though the Purple and White was out-hit four to three, and conceded eight bases on balls (four in the second inning), the team played flawlessly on defense. Our hats off to Dorchester's Charlie Bunker, who was the game's deciding factor. He struck out thirteen and walked only two.

Opening Jitters

"Big Stick" Cammarata got two of Latin's three hits. . . . The Marcucci, Frame, Tacelli combination recorded the season's first double-play. . . . Frank Mancini, who never ceases to amaze, attempted a strategic, (full swinging) SQUEEZE bunt, with nobody on base! . . . Our sympathy is extended to George Grant who split his dialing finger catching a foul tip.

	AB	BH	R	RBI
O'Farrell, rf	3	0	0	0
Cammarata, 3b	3	2	1	0
Tacelli, 1b	3	1	0	1
Maguire, lf	4	0	0	0
Frame, 2b	1	0	0	0
Marcucci, s.s	3	0	0	0
Mancini, cf	2	0	0	0
Garibaldi, p	0	0	0	0
*Karp, 3b	1	0	1	0
**Grant, c	0	0	0	0
Harrington, c	1	0	0	0

*Ran for Frame in third

**Batted for Harrington in fourth



WBW

Latin Bows to B.C.H.

April 17, 1958

Latinites, held to only two hits, dropped a heart-breaker today to B.C. High at Healy Field. The opposition scored four unearned runs to make the final score: Latin 2 — B.C.H. 4.

Dick Garibaldi, who pitched brilliantly, allowed only three hits to what eventually turned out to be a losing cause. Dick has now pitched two games, in which his team mates have supported him with a combined total of 5 hits. Today's loss, however, could easily have been a Latin victory, even with the mere two hits. But the bitter truth is that the Latin infield committed no fewer than *nine* errors! To quote a famous sports-writer — "Probably the best way to treat this game would be to forget about it. Every team had its bad days, and this apparently was ours."

Box Score

	AB	BH	R	RBI
Karp	3	0	0	0
Marcucci	3	0	0	0
Cammarata	4	1	1	0
Maguire	3	0	0	0
Frame	4	0	0	0
Mulcahy	2	0	0	0
O'Farrell	3	0	0	0
Grant	3	1	1	1
Garibaldi	2	0	0	1
*Mancini	0	0	0	0

*Batted for Mulcahy in sixth

Latin Belts East Boston

April 22, 1958

Latin School unloaded a thirteen-hit barrage in today's 21-6 romp over previously unbeaten Eastie. The fielding was flawless, the hitting "fabulous," as Latinites defeated the local denizens.

Mr. Fitzgerald shifted his batting order by leading off with the four talented starters: Lauria, Marcucci, Cammarata, and Tacelli. The strategy paid off in dividends, as among them, they combined a total of eight hits. Grant and Tacelli both hit round-trippers, while Cammarata and Maguire each hit doubles. (The game was apparently played under the friendliest of terms, for this reporter heard the opposing players compliment each other several times in a foreign language.)

Feast or Famine

Cammarata is still maintaining his torrid streak. . . . Tacelli now leads the team in RBI's with seven. . . . "0-3" Lauria returned to his home in Eastie wearing two pairs of sun-glasses. . . . Karp promised your reporter a cigar when he gets his first hit. . . . Please, hurry up, Freddie!

Box Score

	AB	BH	R	RBI
Lauria	3	0	1	2
Marcucci	4	3	4	3
Cammarata	3	2	4	0
Tacelli	4	3	3	3
Maguire	4	1	0	2
Frame	4	1	2	3
Karp	1	0	2	0
Mulcahy	4	2	3	0
Grant	3	1	2	2



SKP



SKP

Latin Beats English

May 5, 1958

Our heroes made it 3 in a row this afternoon by beating arch-rival English High, 2 to 1. The game was played at Draper under very adverse conditions. Neither the rain nor English, however, could stave off the two-run rally in the fourth, which enabled Latin to maintain its second-place standing in the City League.

English scored its first (and only) run in the top of the first: The result of a double error which was charged to the catcher and centerfielder. A poor throw on an attempted steal of second base, coupled with a late recovery of the ball by the centerfield, cost Joe Cammarata his first shutout victory of the campaign. Joe pitched with the precision of a diamond cutter and kept his hitting streak alive by knocking in the tying

run in the fourth. Ray Maguire smashed a single to deep left to knock in Cammarata for the winning run. It was a mound duel all the way, but heads-up ball and timely hits won another game for Mr. Fitzgerald's charges.

Box Score

	AB	R	H	RBI
Lauria	3	0	0	0
Marcucci	2	1	0	0
Cammarata	1	1	1	1
Tacelli	4	0	0	0
Maguire	3	0	1	1
Frame	2	0	0	0
Bilodeau	2	0	0	0
Karp	1	0	0	0
Grant	2	0	0	0

Crew

Under the capable coaching of Mr. Fielding, this year's crew activities have just gotten under way. Practice is held Monday through Saturday, during the rowing ses-

sions, at the Union Boat Club on the Charles River. This year's squad, comprised mostly of members of the fall squad (which won the city championship last

year) is a heavy favorite to win the Spring championship. All know, however, that much practice and hours of hard work are necessary in maintaining any championship, especially against such top-notch crews as those of Technical, Trade, and English High.

This year's roster includes: Capt. Donovan, Doolittle Bros., Ross, Clifford, Riha, Thomas, Duserick, Turik, Sarno, Galman,

Aucella, Doherty, Loftus, Conklin, Witt, Wise, Celona, Colman, and Murphy. Hughes and Sarno are coxswains.

As a former member of the Latin School Crew (second string — .ed) this reporter can readily appreciate the tough, grueling practice sessions and the all-out, back-breaking races held every Thursday during the season. Our hats off to all crew-men. Here's to another championship!

Outdoor Track

Latin Romps in Opener

April 24, 1958

The Purple and White speedsters got off to a flying start in their opening appearance at White Stadium. B.L.S. scored 112 points to Trade's 67 and Memorial's 41.

In the Class A running events, Harry Makin won the 440, while Ed Anthony and Ernie Zissis placed second and third in the 880 and 100, respectively. Since these *three* stalwarts comprised the whole B.L.S. A team, it was impossible for an A relay team to be entered.

In B, Davidson easily won the 440, as did both Biggar in the 880 and Palmer in the low hurdles. Ramsay finished a close second in the 220, while "Cry-me-a-river" Prinz and Jerry Ronkin placed third and fourth in the 100. In Class C, Stick and

"Lee" Dunn ran one-two in a "seeded" 50-yard dash.

In the field events, Latinites took full command. Ernie "Bounce-to-the-ounce" Zissis heaved 48 feet in winning the A "shot." In B, the Prinz-Abraham-Stone combination placed 1, 2, 3; while in C, Andronica, O'Neal, Jack Costello, and Shapiro swept the field, placing 1, 2, 3, 4 respectively. Parham won the B high-jump; Ronkin and Ramsay tied for second; Makin won the A broad-jump; while the B team took the top three spots with a Streetman-Pativan-Stick combination. Anthony won the discus in A; and, in B, Graudins won the javelin and Abraham the discus.

The B relay team won by a considerable margin.

Tennis

Our tennis team, during the first three weeks of the season, displayed Davis Cup form in city league play. The Latinites have so far powered their way to an impressive 4-1 record in the scramble for the championship.

Leading an exceptionally well-balanced Latin squad is captain Kevin Moloney, '58. Holding down second and third singles are Donald Cannon '58 and Fredric Daum '59. The hustling tandem of John O'Sullivan '58 and Jordan Rabinovitz '58 is the first doubles with Alan Kace '59 and Stephen Kraus the second. Rounding out the

squad are two promising net-men, Donald Harke '59 and William Purcell '60.

Hard-working coach Sullivan is looking forward to matches with St. Sebastian's and Newton High, as well as Roxbury Memorial, Boston Tech, and arch-rival English. As of now, prospects for purple victories are bright.

Scores:

B.L.S.	5	Hyde Park	0
B.L.S.	5	Roslindale	0
B.L.S.	2	B.C. High	3
B.L.S.	5	South Boston	0
B.L.S.	5	Brighton	0

EDITORIALS

SCHOOL CLUBS

The fact that there are almost forty clubs in our school and that an overwhelming majority of upper-classmen are members of these clubs is apparent to everyone at Latin School. Also apparent are the facts that many clubs are both meaningless and meeting-less and that most pupils have no interest in them. For example, the meetings of one club were rarely attended by more than nine members, although no fewer than seventy members appeared for the yearbook picture. Another club, founded six years ago and once considered one of the two top clubs in the school, folded this year. Two questions, among others, arise: First, why do so many students join clubs if they have no interest in them? Second, why are so many students uninterested?

Many club members would seem to suggest much interest. However, as Professor Parkinson's amusing but realistic Law of Growth points out, many people busy at work do not necessarily represent much work being done. In fact, there is no relationship at all between the number of members and interest, because most students join only to get their pictures in the yearbook, or, more important, to "get into college."

Here we are reminded of the old saying: "Join clubs, get into college. . . . Don't be a book-worm. . . ." But the truth is that neither the fabled, anti-social book-worm with an average over ninety, nor the lazy, multi-clubbed student with an average below sixty, need worry about college. The former may well get in on his intellectual steam; the latter, for all his extra-curricular activities, won't. Of course, as for those of us in between the sixty and the ninety, there is no denying that clubs help. But the problem is that many students do not even make the effort to use clubs to their greatest advantage. If a student who is interested in attending a technical school, for example, would take the trouble to join clubs having to do with science, and if he would join these clubs over a period of time, he would indicate to the colleges a reasonably sincere interest in science. Obviously, few students take time for such long-range planning. If you were a college entrance dean, what would you make of one year's membership in the Aquarium, Science, Music Appreciation, and Sailing Clubs? It is conceivable that a scientific-minded student listens to music while he cares for his pet fish on his sailing boat, but it is also unlikely.

THE ATOM

Shortly after nine o'clock on the morning of August 6, 1945, a single American airplane appeared over the city of Hiroshima, Japan. Little attention was paid to it, for its lack of companions seemed to indicate that its purpose was reconnaissance, not attack. But it released a single bomb attached to a parachute. While still about 1,500 feet from the ground, the bomb exploded in a tremendous ball of fire, visible nearly 200 miles away. Sixty percent of the city of Hiroshima simply disappeared. All structures in an area of four square miles were flattened as though by a gigantic steam roller. About 30,000 persons were killed instantly, and tens of thousands more died of their injuries. The American government announced that the first "atomic bomb" in history had been unloosed, and called upon the Japanese government to surrender. In absence of a reply, a second bomb was dropped upon Nagasaki, on August 9, wreaking even greater destruction within a smaller area.

The next day, the Japanese government commenced negotiations that led to the termination of the last phase of World War II, the formal articles being signed on September 2.

It had been said that the two bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki cost a billion dollars apiece, for two billion dollars was expended during 1941-1945 to make the age-old dream of releasing atomic energy a reality. In 1941, a group of scientists persuaded President Roosevelt and other top officials that a method of unlocking the stupendous forces in the atom had at last been found, and that given enough men and material, a practical know-how could be evolved for the manufacture of bombs hundreds of times more powerful than the 2,000-pound blockbuster.

So it was that a joint directing staff of American, British and Canadian officials was set up, and the huge "Manhattan Project" got under way. Eventually no less than 125,000 persons were engaged in this project, yet so well was the secret kept that the American public was no less surprised than the enemy countries when the first bomb was released upon Hiroshima. Three secret cities grew up, devoted to the project: one at Oak Ridge, Tennessee; another, in New Mexico near Santa Fe; and a third at Richland Village near Pasco, Washington. In addition, hundreds of the nation's scientific and industrial concerns contributed vital assistance to the work. The leading scientists of the project were J. Openheimer, A. H. Campton, Harold Urey, Niels Bohr, Ernest Lawrence, Enrico Fermi, and Lise Meitner, with Britain and Canada represented by Sir James Chadwick and Dean C. J. Mackenzie. Working at top speed, the scientists and engineers solved the many intricate problems, such as — how to start and control a "chain reaction" of atomic fission, how to extract sufficient quantities of the vital element uranium 235, how to build a bomb safe to handle yet sure of its effect. The success of the undertaking was signalized by the exploding of a trial bomb in the New Mexico desert on July 16, 1945. While a small group of scientists and military experts watched from a post 10 miles away, a small bomb fastened to the top of a steel tower burst into a blinding glare of light. A column of smoke and dust shot up from the ground, mushroomed at the top, and in a few minutes was lost to sight in the stratosphere. This is the way it began. How it will end is one of the most baffling questions that man has ever had to consider.





"The Visit": Greek Tragedy In A Modern Style

Boston had the good luck this season to witness the opening of a remarkable play, "The Visit," by Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, perhaps the greatest living husband-wife acting team, took the leading roles.

"The Visit" is the story of Claire Zachanassian, a fabulously wealthy woman, who returns to her native Gullen, a poverty-stricken European village, to take vengeance on a faithless lover of her youth, now a respected citizen. She offers the town one billion German marks in exchange for his life. At first the citizens are outraged at her demand, but the huge sum soon undermines their resolve. Anton Schill — the middle-aged, unhappily-married infidel — tries to flee, but realizes quickly that there is no escape from his fate. Finally Schill is "righteously" murdered by his fellow-citizens in a ghastly scene in the basement of the town hall. The play closes with Claire Zachanassian's bearing her former lover away to her far-off home and a specially prepared tomb.

The effect of this drama is the profound catharsis — purging of the soul — of the Greek tragedy. And no wonder, for all the

elements of classical tragedy are present: the hero, Anton Schill, made helpless by forces beyond his control and by an irreparable flaw in his conduct; the avenging goddess, Claire Zachanassian, driven by a deep-rooted sense of wrong and rendered more powerful than a goddess by her incredible wealth; a "chorus" composed of two blind men who chant in unison the hopeless song of the broken spirit; and the ultimate, intangible ingredient, *inevitability*, represented by the awesome sense of doom hanging over the bitter-sweet relationship of the hero and the avenging goddess, who still love each other. In the substitution of wealth for divine power, however, this modern drama differs from Greek tragedy. Furthermore, though the action is tragic, the characters have comic elements in their make-up.

The feeling of no-escape makes the difference here between a morbid melodrama and an exalting tragedy. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne can take most of the credit for this effect. With their long dialogues they create an ever-changing blend of tenderness, nostalgia, smouldering wrath, and fatalism. Although, and perhaps because, they are known primarily for comedy, Lunt and Fontanne have climaxed their career together with a modern tragedy of the highest quality.

— STEPHEN PROSKAUER '59

Olivier's "Henry V"

Lawrence Olivier's photoplay of Shakespeare's "Henry V" represents two great advances: one in the art of the cinema, the other in the interpretation of Elizabethan drama. This production was the first of Olivier's famous photoplay series, which includes the profound and powerful "Richard III."

"Henry V" tells the story of the expedition by that valiant king of England to regain the French crown. Having been convinced that the present old and insane king, Charles VI, is descended from usurpers and that he is the true heir to the throne, he invades France. Greatly outnumbered, with disease crippling his army, he nevertheless wins the decisive Battle of Agincourt, one of England's greatest mili-

tary victories. The successful king then woos and takes as his queen Katherine, daughter of the King and Queen of France. The play ends with their marriage and coronation. Interwoven with this heroic story are comic and pathetic scenes involving Pistol, an adventurer and clown, and his friends, who go to France to live as scavengers with the English army, later to return to England pretending to be veterans of King Henry's forces. The contrast of the two themes — one majestic, the other vulgar — provides the changes of pace which keep the audience interested throughout.

By opening the play in Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, where one might have seen it in London at the end of the 16th century, Olivier puts the viewer in the position of an Elizabethan theatre-goer out for an afternoon's entertainment. Everything is authentic, from the construction of the playhouse to the costumes. We go backstage to see the trials and tribulation of the players as they put on the performance; we laugh as they inject humor into their lines, making Shakespeare's little jokes come alive. Since there were no women acting in the theatre of that time, it is amusing to watch a trained boy-actor play a woman's part. Particularly striking is the close communication between the mock audience in the theatre and the actors, a characteristic which has almost disappeared from the modern stage.

Suddenly a change takes place. We are lifted from the antique playhouse and, with the help of the movie camera, are plunged into the actual scene of the drama. While the Elizabethan theatre-goer must

use his imagination to alter the setting, the film does it for us. It is as if a new dimension has been added. We are in France taking part in real action, instead of watching actors on a stage. The fact that this realization of the world of the imagination could never have taken place in Shakespeare's time is no reason to condemn the production. Most of Shakespeare's lines are preserved, and, besides, the photoplay is a medium very different from the legitimate stage, a medium which requires different methods of presentation and different standards of evaluation. The skillful expansion of scope occurring here demonstrates, in fact, some unique advantages of Shakespeare on film.

Both the major role and the character acting in the photoplay are outstanding. Olivier himself plays the noble Henry V, bringing depth and vividness to the part. There is a certain serenity in Olivier's King Henry which reminds one of the great heroes of literature. There are also skillful portrayals of the boisterous Pistol, of the senile King Charles VI, and of charming Princess Katherine, to name a few.

What Olivier has accomplished in this production is the transposition of a Shakespearean stage presentation into a modern medium. The fact that he has done this without sacrificing the genius of Shakespeare shows that he understands both the original play and the potentialities of a movie version. The fact that he has incorporated many original conceptions into the production shows that he is an artist in his own right.

—STEPHEN PROSKAUER '59





MARTIN H. SAVITZ '59

Friday, April 25, was Class Day; and, as is customary, the presence of our seniors was not requested until 12:00. The members of Class II were guests at the Class Day exercises. The program began with an address by the president of the Senior Class, Francis S. Mancini. Next on the agenda was the class oration, delivered by Donald Richard Ignatius Friary. The festivities reached a high point as the class prophecy was read by Barry Brooks, Arthur Tacelli, Lloyd Teran, and Peter Talbot. After the reading of the class will and a band recital with several encores, an address was given to the seniors by Saul Gerald Cohen, Ph.D. The program concluded with singing of the class song, led by Selwyn King Troen.

THREE times during the week which followed spring vacation, members of Classes I, II, and III filed to the assembly hall to hear lectures by representatives of the fields of business, law, religion, medicine, education, and insurance. The list of eminent speakers includes: Paul R. Green, Morris R. Spelfogel, Right Reverend Cornelius T. H. Sherlock, Dr. Albert S. Murphy, William H. Marnell, Ph.D., and Jacob L. Sieve.



MZ



SKP

On Prize Drill Day, the yard resounded to the patter of little marching feet. Congratulations are indeed due to Brigadier General Gerald Flaherty, whose company placed first in the school; to Colonel Khouiri, whose company placed first in the First Regiment; to Colonel Moloney, whose company placed first in the Second Regiment; and to: Company A Second Regiment, who won the coveted "booby prize," a gold-painted beer can.

On the afternoon of May 8 and the evening of May 9, the Dramatics Club, assisted by the Girl's Latin Dramatics Club, presented "Belvedere," written by Gwen Davenport. The play, which was directed by Mr. Mark Russo, was enthusiastically received by those who filled the auditorium for both performances. The Key Club will use the proceeds from the sale of tickets and program advertisements for scholarships for deserving seniors of the Class of '58.

The stolid pillars of the Latin School shook almost to the point of collapse on June 3, as nearly 1000 midgets of about eleven years of age wandered through the school trying to find the assembly hall. When at last they had quieted down, they were led away to take the entrance examination. If you should happen to discover a boy completely weighed down by a book bag, don't step on him for he is a member of the class of '64.

It was indeed an amusing sight to see Latin School juniors staggering into school early on Saturday morning, May 17. With a bottle of "no-dose" pills in one hand and a pencil in the other, they took their places



SKP

for the Scholastic Aptitude examinations. Many students were seen crawling out while moaning, "Show me the way to go home; the Merits were never like this."

During the wee-wee hours of the morning of May 4, many juniors, coats buttoned high, hands clutched tightly, were seen slinking home through the dark mist from the Junior Prom. Anybody want a slightly used tuxedo?

The week of May 12 brought no rest to the homeroom masters of senior classes. Those seniors unfortunate enough to have to work for a living were dismissed on May 15. It is estimated that seniors accumulate approximately 3,750 autographs in a period of three days each year.

Five Boston school boys, including Frank Anderson of 102, recently won the Teenage Talent Search Contest of Station WBZ. Their singing group, the Interludes, then won second prize in the national finals in New York City. As a result, they were awarded an R.C.A. recording contract. Frank Anderson sings the lead and is spokesman for the group.



WBW

The Register proudly announces
the winning of three first prizes
in the recent Schoolboy Parade.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

March 15: Overheard in 207:

Wild Bill Hiccups: "Wouldn't you like to shoot me, pardner?"

Little Melvin: "Nope."

W.B.H.: "Why not?"

L.M.: "That would be shooting the Bill."

March 19: What conscientious pupil was caught "studying the fine print" in his German reader today?

March 20: *Mother:* "Why are you home so late today?"

Son: "I overslept."

March 21: Overheard in 124:

Master: "Why does *Arctic, North*, come from the word meaning *bear*?"

Bright coin: "Because nothing grows there."

March 22: *Ye R.R.R.* is awfully disappointed at the incomplete Sports coverage in the *Register* this year: no chess write-ups!

March 24: Overheard in Latin class:

Teacher: "Why, you have more gall than . . . than. . ."

Helpful student: "Than Caesar?"

March 26: Overheard at the Home and School Meeting today:

Mother: "Tell me, sir, is my son trying?"

Master: "Very."

March 29: It is rumored that the master in 124 can translate the *Witch Doctor's Song*.

March 31: What master of 235 was spotted without his class during the air raid drill today? Still looking, sir?

April 1: *Ye R.R.R.* is at a loss for ideas on this day of wit. He has also lost three books, two pens, and a ruler. No joke!

April 2: *Substitute in 333:* "Get out!"

Pupil: "Where should I go?"

Sub: "Go find some nice, warm men's room."

April 4: Letter Assembly today lasted only three periods. You tried your best, Mr. Fitz.

April 5: What bright junior in 235 translated the English of the French test into English today?

April 6: \$16 for the College Boards. Is it deductible? Charity, you know.

April 8: Nee, nee, na, na, na, na, noo, noo . . . and them's fightin' words.

April 9: Is it true that the president of the Photography Club has been charging a two dollars "nomination" fee for prospective officers?

- April 10:* Prize Drill today: The "boys and girls" thank the School Committee for its interest.
- April 12:* Day before the vacation:
Master: "There will be a 'surprise' test the day after the vacation. You could look over . . . say, lessons 20-40, words 200-400, sentences 25-50, chapters. . . ."
- April 23-25:* Career Days: Everyone has such a different approach: "When Mr. Doyle called me, I . . ."
- April 25:* The headmaster has complained to the 'phone company about the high telephone bill.
- April 27:* After elective assembly, *Ye R.R.R.* is anxious to get started with his new courses next year: Lx, Hx, Ex, Px, and MC!
- April 28:* Because of certain *limitations* in his record, *Ye R.R.R.* is now taking L2, E2, M2, D2, and F2 next year.
- April 29:* Overheard in 301 during SQT's:
Master: "And now for the extra credit questions —"
- April 30:* After the SQT's yesterday, *Ye R.R.R.* has decided to look more thoroughly into the psychology of sand dunes.
- May 1:* The April issue of the *Register* was given out today. Congratulations!
- May 2:* German master in Room 17: "I'll give you five extra points if you buy a ticket to the play." Report cards are coming out soon.
- May 3:* *Ye R.R.R.* is now the proud possessor of a dozen tickets to the play.
- May 4:* After the Junior Prom, *Ye R.R.R.* wonders why she called him "Cookie." Crumby appearance?
- May 5:* *Gym teacher to seniors:* "Every gym period you miss, you'll have to make up with a full day after May 15th."
Coznowski, the honest senior: "Does that include last year, too?"
- May 7:* What teacher gave a sixie five marks for identifying him as *Mr. X*?
- May 8:* Come on, fellas; give back Miss Taylor her scissors. What a rotten thing to do? Snip, snip, he, he.
- May 10:* What master in 129 found one of his pupils all 'tied up' in his problems . . . on his desk?
- May 12:* It's strange that some of the former baseball pool operators were absent today: Aaron, 4 for 4; Berra, 3 for 3; etc.
- May 13:* Overheard in 331:
Master: "Johnson, give me two examples of compound relatives."
Johnson: "Father-in-law and brother-in-law."
- May 15:* At the baseball game today, Mr. Fitzgerald was worried about Trade's peculiar strategy:
 "Heads up, Tex. They're trying to steal first!"
- May 16:* Is it true that the master in Room 2, irritated by his noisy homeroom, began pounding his desk . . . and found a plate of beans there?
- May 17:* Substitute, after kicking pupil out: "Do you want to follow him?"
Pupil: "I don't know where he went."
- May 18:* Overheard in the Nurse's Office: (Two sixies come in. One dares to speak.)
 "Miss Taylor, can a boy of my age perform an appendectomy?"
Miss Taylor: "Why, of course not."
Sixie: "See, Coznovski, I told you so. Put it back!"
- May 19:* Who put the furschluginer axolotl in the veeblefextex? Huh? Who's covering up?
- May 21:* Is it true that Latin School will have eight battalions in the Schoolboy Parade today: six from Latin, and two from the "annex"?
- May 25:* Overheard in 207:
Master: "Dummkopf, how did Joyce evolve the 'stream of consciousness' method?"
Dummkopf: "He had *water on the brain!*"
- May 28:* Not only is today Prize Declaration, but it's . . . Sal Mineo's Birthday!
- May 29:* Mr. Rosenthal warns *Ye R.R.R.* that if he doesn't find anything funny to write, this section will end. So —

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